

THANKSGIVING Life

NOVEMBER 17, 1921

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L I F E



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Here's Luck!



Sanctum Talk

"LIFE!"

"Marshal Foch! Salute! I would rather shake your hand than that of any other man on earth."

"I am merely an old soldier—"

"Without whom the world—"

"My friend, desist. I beg that you

will not offer me encomiums. Let us be simple."

"Forgive me, General Foch. My love for France, for you, must be expressed—"

"Ah, LIFE, there are some things one cannot talk about—we feel them too

deeply. Besides, between two such close friends so much is understood."

"Yes, General, that is so. I recall so much. To say that you won the war would be but to cause you pain; to say that you stopped it when you did—that was glorious."

"Yes, LIFE, you are right; there is comfort in that; the war was won by those who had learned how to fight; I have never learned that. It was my humble business to think."

"No wonder you are one man among so many millions."

"And yet it was not thought; it was Faith."

"And have you faith, General, in the future?"

"If I had not that, LIFE, I should not come among you. You Americans! What people you are! Everywhere I am offered the freedom of your cities."

"General! More than that. We give you—"

"Yes, LIFE!"

"The freedom of our hearts!"

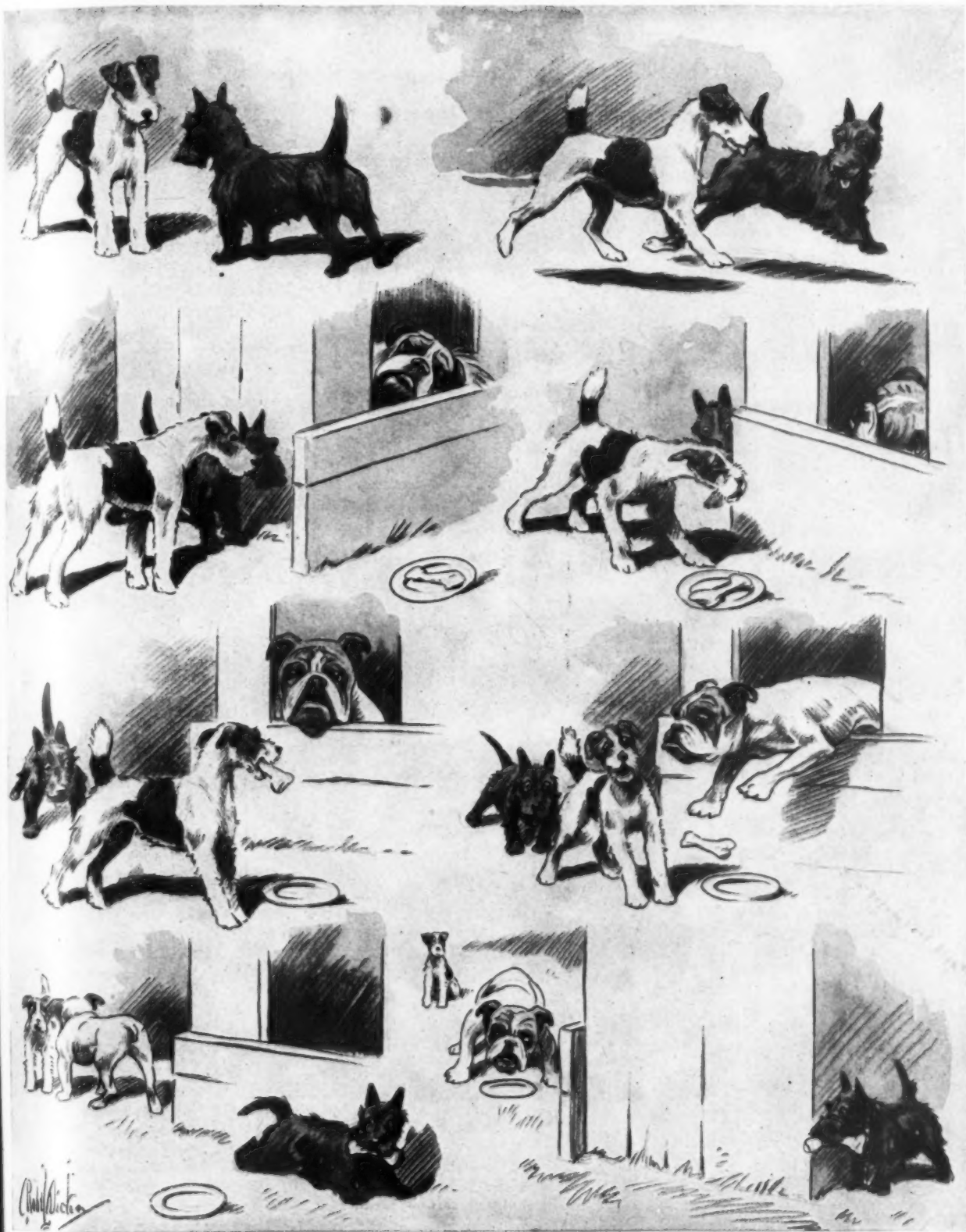
T. L. M.



Mrs. Scarsdale: Then you are sure you want a divorce?

Mr. S.: Absolutely.

Mrs. S.: All right. You take the children, I'll take the car.



Drawn by Robert L. Dickey

The Cat's-paw
 Scotty Gets His Thanksgiving Dinner.

Togo Explodes

Over Grand Events Now Exposing Prosperity

Wallace Irwin

TO Editor "Life" who disarm all critics except Hon. Benchley, Dearest Sir:

My Uncle Nichi (Harding Republican) arrive back from Wash, D. C., yestday p. m. where he meet Arthur Kickahajama (Cox Democrat) and following fight enjoyed:

"Well," corrode Uncle lovely, "Washington are now full of diplomatic trunks and satchels. If you are fond of Prime Ministers you can find plenty of them reeling among emotion picture cameras. European languages are being spoken in hotels. Everything so international that Senator Walsh permits English flag on British embassy. Peace is begun. Lions can now lay down beside lambs without fear of being bit."

"What are cause of this bow-wow?" smear Arthur.

"Hon. Warring G. Harding," say Uncle with doves in his voice. "He have smiled again. He have waved the front porch to all internationalities. Entire world, including the Dominion of Ireland & Mingo, will be peaceful from now on."

"It have been peaceful from now on since Versailles," dib Arthur like Clemenceau. "And see what happened to it!"

"Ah, but this are different from disgustly Versailles," explain my wise uncle. "European diplomacy must now travel to America where change of climate make him honest. Also World Peace have changed his politics. He have become Republican. He are now voting straight ticket with axception of Hon. Underwood who are one of the mistakes inherited from the Wilson Administration."

"Warfare, I see, will be killed on strictly non-partisan basis, as usual," snarrel Arthur Kickahajama.

"So glad!" I busted in joyly. "It are very high time that nations shot less and talked more. People have got so mania about warfare that they steal powder from ladies' noses to load into cannons. Why should I pay a luxury tax for privilege of killing persons to



"What are cause of this bow-wow?"

who I are not even related by marriage?"

"That have also been thought of by Republican party," suggest Uncle Nichi. "Expense of Govt. this annual year will be only \$3,500,000,000."

"Think of those!" I holla. "And with warfare demolished maybe Gen. Prosperity will be boss. Such nice plan. We will explode all machine guns and knock out navies. Why did not Hon. Woodrow think up that simplicity?"

"Senator Lodge would not let him," snagger Arthur.

"O surely not!" suggest Uncle. "Such Woodrow idea cantained dan-

main but to take firearms away from patriots."

"Did you ever attempt to take a firearm away from a patriot?" require Arthur Kickahajama.

"Seldom if never," say me & Uncle. "Once I try," explan Arthur. "He was a man of Italian originality filled with light wine & beer. He spoke Camorra language while shooting at my eyelids. I disarmed him by running away with assistance of 13 police who got shot twice."

"If Hon. Excellency Hughes was there to negotiate maybe that fight would stop before started," I revoke.

"O surely will!" decry Uncle Nichi (Republican). "When Limited Arms Conference come together, then what sweetish singing will be! Enclosed harmony music from five (5) male quartettes in five (5) languages. Suddenly they will decry, 'Disarm!' and drop ammunition."

"Drop bombs," mone Arthur.

"Will that be all necessary to get Peace?" I narrate.

"Some slight preliminary talk will be enjoyed," suggest Uncle Nichi carelless.

"Such as which?" Arthur romp out.

"Before beating their battleships to ferryboats all nations will present just claims."

"Perhapsly you have those Just Claims tipewritten in your pocket," manage Arthur.

Uncle Nichi make slight fishout from his vestcoat pocket and read following list:

"ENGLAND—We require Asia up to suburbs of Moscow and Dominion Government for Ireland.

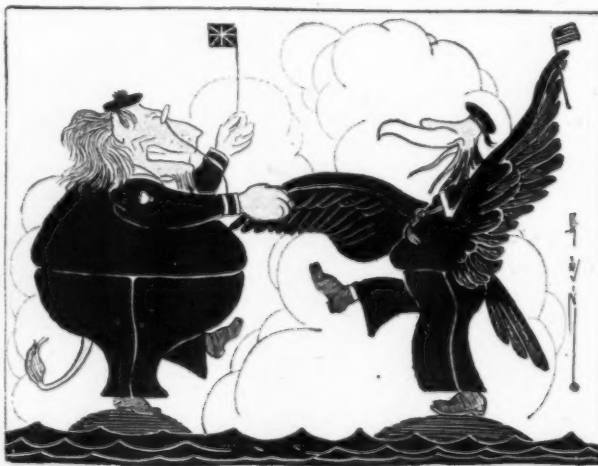
"IRELAND—We refuse, as usual.

"JAPAN—We require Shantung, Corea, Siberia, Yap, California and all other Japanese provinces, including China.

"CHINA—We refuse again.

"FRANCE—Military occupation of Germany the first of every month to collect rent. 2,000,000 men will be sufficient.

"ITALY—We ask back all territory we lost by our victory over Austria.



"We require Asia!"

gerous idealism, socialistic League of Nations and other poisoned thoughts. But Senator Lodge have now saved the world from Democracy, so he can set at table with Wilson policies on his plate and not be annoyed."

"And now," I demure, "nothing re-



"Does your husband give you an allowance, or do you ask him for money when you need it?"
 "Both."

"UNITED STATES—All requests refused."

My Uncle Nichi fold back paper in his pocket.

"Such concert of powers," nag Arthur, "remind me of Chinese opera. There is so much music you cannot hear the tune."

"You need not talk so sinnickie," depose Uncle Nichi.

"I do not adore to see League of Nations kidnapped by Republicans and married to Senator Lodge with teeth knocked out so it can't pronounce its name," yellup Arthur.

"Things smell the same in every language (Shakespeare)," depose Uncle. "& surely you must imagine that when Twenty (20) Wisest Men in the world put their swollen brains together they can find out how to stop fights."

"I join myself to all Christian, Jewish and Mormon prayers," say Arthur, "that stoppage of warfare will begin at Wash., D. C., on Nov. 11. War has accomplished nothing but make living

expensive and life cheap. If those 20 Wise Men make Peace I shall enjoy it. I am not among those patriots who point to 12,000,000 graves in Europe, Asia and Africa to prove that war is good training for young men."

"When Hon. Harding make World Peace by conference all people shall weep from joy," depose Nichi.

"All but one (1)," say Arthur. "And he would laugh for sense of humor because he are the man who invented World Peace by conference."

"O goshy!" swore Uncle Nichi. "Cannot you mention the League of Nations without hawling in Woodrow?"

Therefore he walk off looking warped.

Hoping you are the same,
 Your truly—HASHIMURA TOGO.

No Chance

"So you've been speculating in the market, have you?"

"Not at all; I always lose my money on sure things."

The Treadmill

HERE you sit in this autumn room, Three floors above the city street; Clatter of horses, blaring horns, Cries of children, patter of feet; Here you sit, with your life to arrange, Moving pawns on the board of doom:

Wondering, what is it all about? Dull detail and grandiose scheme, Frantic thinking forward and back For a meal or some romantic dream: Ghastly round that will not change Till the mind grows black and the sun goes out.

Here you sit in this darkening room, Wondering, what is it all about? Moving pawns on the board of doom Till the mind grows black, and the sun goes out.

Robert Hillyer.

"I WONDER how China feels about the peace conference?"

"All broken up."



Just Before the Big Game

Our coach's final instructions

The Letters of Alicia

Robert Barnes Rudd

No. IV



DEAR Child,
I have been thinking lately how nice it is that Efficiency has "gone out" so, ever since the Germans began overdoing it so. But then I was always against it because, of course, it never *did* appeal to my type of mind, which is intellectual and not material the way Efficiency is. And besides, it all turned out so dreadfully bad for the soul. The winter I took a course in it I used to feel all spiritually stifled while they were teaching us how to clean out the icebox in the newest way—not that you could ever get the cook to do it. Anyway, it was all Theory and I'm so sort of practical and executive that I don't seem to be able to *respect* anything that isn't the way my own mind is—like Algebra and Geometry at Rosecliff. Not that I ever *took* Geometry, but while I was doing Algebra I had all the *nervous strain* of looking forward to Geometry, as it was almost as bad—Realization is as bad as Anticipation, as they say. And, anyway, I remember I dropped Algebra after a while and took up music—just sight reading so I didn't have to prac-

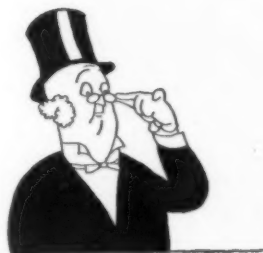
tise and could devote myself *entirely* to Psychology and Philosophy, which I was thinking *very seriously* of taking up at the time—but I didn't because I was elected president of the Field Hockey Association just then and simply *had* to let *some* things go—because, darling, if you don't, you just can't make the most of your life at all. That's why at present I want mother to get a housekeeper so that I and she (mother has quite a good mind for a woman of her era) can have our minds free for the more *brainy* kinds of Thought.

This I consider one of the most *constructive* ideas I've had for ages. You see, I try to have the general trend of my thought processes tend to build up Society rather than tear down. Perhaps I may even write up some of my ideas some day and give lectures and have disciples like Plato. I'd just as soon do it as not, although I'm not a Feminist or anything like that. My mind is really almost Masculine, which I suppose is the reason why I am much more drawn to *Men Friends* than *Girl Friends*.

Affectionately,

ALICIA.

Father Watches Jimmie Play



The kick-off



Jimmie runs the ball
back 25 yards



Jimmie fumbles



Opponents begin a
March toward the
goal line



They continue the
march



They make a touch-
down. Score 0-6



The game see-saws



Jimmie breaks loose
and has a clear field



Referee calls him back
because of off-side play



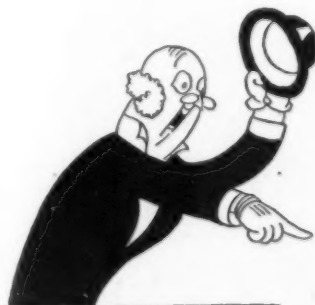
Time out. Somebody
is hurt



Play is resumed; Jim-
mie's opponent has
been penalized for
slugging



Only a minute and a
half to play



Jimmie breaks loose
again



He scores a touchdown



He prepares to kick
the goal



He kicks it. Whistle
blows. Score 7-6

Doubling the Dummy

Who Says a Young Girl Can't Amuse Herself Playing Bridge?



If it wasn't really so awfully funny, Dorothye would never interrupt the bidding to tell a sub-rosy anecdote to Ethylle. The rest of the rubber may now be profitably spent in giggling. Inasmuch as Dorothye has unconsciously displayed the best of her hand to the eagle-eyed Hubert, it isn't really so awfully funny.



"I found my love in A-va-lon," cheerfully proclaim soprano Bettye and alto Biddye. Whatever they found will never make up for what Arthur stands to lose under the influence of their fresh young voices. It's meant to be close harmony, but—as in the famous instance of near-beer—distances are ever deceptive.



Granting the cruelty of separating lovers, newly betrothed, it is equally cruel to leave them together. Carefully started at different tables, Pattye and George had one mathematical chance in several thousand of landing in these particular seats. Yet here they are. It must be fate! Isn't nature the silly old thing?



"But, Tom, dear, I can't—" Tom, however, is a persistent suitor. As long as his nickels hold out, he'll not take no for an answer. And he does plead so prettily. Time elapsed so far: thirty-two minutes, six seconds. If Maribelle would do less canting and a little more canning, the rubber might yet be saved.



Having raised Hubert's original spade bid to five (doubled and redoubled),

Ethylle will proceed to watch the débacle from the arm of Hubert's chair. She will further aid him by blowing cigarette smoke down his neck and humming faint, mosquito-like melodies into his somewhat preoccupied ear. It's little attentions like these that make bridge such a popular indoor sport.



Mother: Willie, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?

Willie: I guess it's just a gift, mother.

Imbe Cility

MUCH interest has been excited in the art circles of the metropolis by whisperings of the imminent advent of several choice canvases from one of the asylums of New Art in Laneville. They are recent examples of the rising young cymbalist—Imbe Cility. They excited a veritable few raw, when first exposed to a carefully chosen clientele. These are “veritable Imbe Cilities,” to quote an anonymous but appreciative appraiser.

We are allowed to quote the titles of some of these extremely rare idyls. “Une Cotelette d’après Midi” is convincingly well done, but does not show the same directness of line as the simpler “L’Hypoténuse,” which has a wider base, if less altitude. “La Corne du

Poisson” touches a higher note than either, and bids fair to awaken a pervasive echo; while “Le Hibou Bouillé” is rather calculated to revive memories now fast fading. “Pas de lieu Rhone que nous” is a type of regressive art, and not likely to advance the young artist’s fortunes in our commercial age. We grieve to confess that there is still a taint of bygone realism in these types of Imbe Cility’s brush-work, since one may suspect certain resemblances to nature in their renderings. But they are delightfully meaningless; and there is no cheap yielding to the childish desire for pleasing color schemes or satisfying composition of masses.

In short, they are “Pièces dégoûtantes”—and therefore eminently of our time.

A Crack at the Law

WHEN Winter comes with gust and flaw,
And dank December’s dark and raw,
Do I go crack the Volstead law
When I am sad and lonely?
No, such infraction I abhor;
I simply seek my secret drawer
And crack my bottle, labeled “For
Medicinal purposes only.”

Adrian Hale.

Once in So Often

RUB: Do you ever miss a meal?

DUB: Oh, occasionally I attend a banquet.

THE man with a new car has always just traded in the worst car on the market and bought the best. It doesn’t matter what make either of them is.

Life



Lines

"THE first hundred years are the hottest," said the Devil as a new arrival registered.

Those ungrammatical ouija messages are evidently English as she is spook.

Half of Chicago's police force, it is said, are bootleggers. This is a terrible reflection on half of Chicago's police force. But which half?

Will the stockings the girls hang up for Santa Claus be rolled at the knee?

The utmost in optimism: Putting in a bid at the disarmament conference for the junking privilege.

\$60,000 Fund to House Cats.
—Headline.

At how much purr?

"New York to be the driest city," is the first superlative declaration that fails to make Chicago jealous.

Now that Russian money is at its lowest ebb, the national song may become "Rouble, Rouble, I've been sinking."

There is a factory in Newark where they make new furniture look a hundred years old. They call it a century plant.

"Business has just turned the corner," says B. C. Forbes. If it went up a side street, he means the bootlegging business.

The difference between classic and cabaret music is the difference between antique and antic.

Germany has issued 86,854,800,000 paper marks.

The mark now qualifies as the only publication with a larger circulation than the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The average landlord has a heart as big as his kitchenettes.

Cinderella is obviously a fairy tale. Imagine any *real* girl leaving a ball at midnight.

Tip to fishermen: The best place to dig for worms at this season of the year is in ten cents' worth of chestnuts.

Golf Course Exclusively for Women.
—Headline.

The idea will be to go out and back in less than 50,000 words.

Lewis Einstein, the new U.S. Minister to Czecho-Slovakia, should not be confused with Albert Einstein, the scientist. He isn't even one of Einstein's relatives.

Just smile, says Charles M. Schwab, and times will be better. The trouble is that most people, upon reading this advice, are likely to spoil everything by laughing out loud.

A famous evangelist announces that Mrs. Hylan never uttered, "You said a mouthful," to the King of Belgium. And likely as not some temperance orator will soon brand as a canard what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina.

Some people are trying to get Congress to pass a law against the giving of Christmas presents. They evidently want to take the Santa Claus out of the Constitution.

The bluebird no longer brings happiness. Nowadays it's the swallow.

Well, Dr. Wirth is back on the job as head of the German cabinet, and all those humorists who started to make jokes about the Wirthless German Government are out of luck.

Henry Ford says that history is bunk, but what will history say about Henry Ford?



Local Gossip

TILLY AMES has ben a-raisin' turkeys fer Thanksgiving' an' doin' furst-rate with 'em. Folks gut to talkin' after a while 'cuz they petered out so when they come to cook 'em.

Wall, come to find out, Tilly gut 'em trained sost they'd eat B.B. shot mixed with cracked corn, addin' ginerally nigh to four pounds apiece.

Probably Tilly kinder wisht he hadn't done it, cuz he's spendin' his Thanksgiving' down in Hinekle's swamp, on ercount of George Bogart. George let on he didn't go fer to buy shot offen Tilly so he's loaded the shot inter his musket and he sez he's calleratin' on returning uv it.

A forward pass is never successful until it is in the hands of a receiver.

Better times are coming for the working-man. In a few more weeks the snow shovelers will be up to their necks in work.

Charles of Hapsburg Flies to Hungary for Coup.—Headline.
And then he flew the coup.



Give Him Time

"Isn't Charley Castleton one of Adele's former husbands?"

"Not yet."

The Devil in the Machine

WE would rise in formal protest against the great big corporation that takes all our pennies in the subway slot machines, and gives nothing in return. We like chocolate and we are rather fond of Chiclets, but we forego both now because we cannot bear the ordeal of facing the public gaze if our penny goes wrong. Perhaps we are unusually sensitive; for example, it is always particularly distressing to us to fill our fountain pen from hotel ink, because the principle always seems the same as that of eating all we can get at an invitation tea, so that we won't have to go and get any supper.

Yesterday we put our penny in a little slot machine and pressed the button. It is always a sinking moment when we press a button, because once when we pushed something to get weighed, a little orchestra inside the affair began to play, and a baby pointed: "Oh, mama, see the man have fun!" When we pushed the button this time, however,

nothing happened. Three or four people stopped, and one suggested that we push again. We pushed again and banged the side a little. We put in another penny and tried it over again, while the crowd formed a circle. We took the machine by the sides and shook it; we pounded all four buttons at once. An old lady stepped out from the mob and held out another penny towards us. We took it from her and ran at the thing, jamming it in torment. Four pieces of Wintergreen chewing gum fell into our hand. The mob applauded, and three or four people hanging from posts screamed at us. We don't chew Wintergreen.

We are not sure of the identity of the firm that handles these slot machines, but we are convinced that it also has a partial interest in the keys to peel open sardine cans. Mayor Hylan should order it closed, along with the streets.

Corey Ford,

The Young Idea's Shooting Gallery

Robert Benchley



SINCE we were determined to have Junior educated according to modern methods of child training, a year and a half did not seem too early an age at which to begin. As Doris said: "There is no reason why a child of a year and a half shouldn't have rudimentary cravings for self-expression." And really, there isn't any reason, when you come right down to it.

DORIS had been reading books on the subject, and had been talking with Mrs. Deemster. Most of the trouble in our town can be traced back to someone's having been talking with Mrs. Deemster. Mrs. Deemster brings an evangelical note into the simplest social conversations, so that by the time your wife is through the second piece of cinnamon toast she is convinced that all children should have their knee-pants removed before they are four, or that you should hire four servants a day on three-hour shifts, or that, as in the present case, no child should be sent to a regular school until he has determined for himself what his profession is going to be and then should be sent straight from the home to Johns Hopkins or the Sorbonne.

JUNIOR was to be left entirely to himself, the theory being that he would find self-expression in some form or other, and that by watching him carefully it could be determined just what should be developed in him, or, rather, just what he should be allowed to develop in himself. He was not to be corrected in any way, or guided, and he was to call us "Doris" and "Monty" instead of "Mother" and "Father." We were to be just pals, nothing more. Otherwise, his individuality would become submerged. I was, however, to be allowed to pay what few bills he might incur until he should find himself.

The first month that Junior was "on his own," striving for self-expression, he spent practically every waking hour of each day in picking the mortar out from between the bricks in the fireplace and eating it.

"Don't you think you ought to sug-

gest to him that nobody who really is anybody eats mortar?" I said.

"I don't like to interfere," replied Doris. "I'm trying to figure out what it may mean. He may have the makings of a sculptor in him." But one could see that she was a little worried, so I didn't say the cheap and obvious thing, that at any rate he had the makings of a sculpture in him or would have in a few more days of self-expression.

SOFT putty was put at his disposal, in case he might feel like doing a little modeling. We didn't expect much of



"There is no reason why a child of a year and a half shouldn't have rudimentary cravings for self-expression."

him at first, of course; maybe just a panther or a little General Sherman; but if that was to be his *métier* we weren't going to have it said that his career was nipped in the bud for the lack of a little putty.

The first thing that he did was to stop up the keyhole in the bathroom door while I was in the tub, so that I had to crawl out on the piazza roof and into the guest-room window. It did seem as if there might be some way of preventing a recurrence of that sort of thing without submerging his individuality too much. But Doris said no. If he were disciplined now, he would grow up nursing a complex against putty and against me and might even try to marry Aunt Marian. She had read

of a little boy who had been punished by his father for putting soap on the cellar stairs, and from that time on, all the rest of his life, every time he saw soap he went to bed and dreamed that he was riding in the cab of a runaway engine dressed as Pierrot, which meant, of course, that he had a suppressed desire to kill his father.

* * *

IT almost seemed, however, as if the risk were worth taking if Junior could be shown the fundamentally anti-social nature of an act like stuffing keyholes with putty, but nothing was done about it except to take the putty supply away for that day.

The chief trouble came, however, in Junior's contacts with other neighborhood children whose parents had not seen the light. When Junior would lead a movement among the young bloods to pull up the Hemmings' nasturtiums or would show flashes of personality by hitting little Leda Hemming over the forehead with a trowel, Mrs. Hemming could never be made to see that to reprimand Junior would be to crush out his God-given individuality. All she would say was, "Just look at those nasturtiums!" over and over again.

And the Hemming children were given to understand that it would be all right if they didn't play with Junior quite so much.

* * *

THIS morning, however, the thing solved itself. While expressing himself in putty in the nursery, Junior succeeded in making a really excellent life-mask of Mrs. Deemster's

fourteen-months-old, little girl who had come over to spend the morning with him. She had a little difficulty in breathing, but it really was a fine mask. Mrs. Deemster, however, didn't enter into the spirit of the thing at all, and after excavating her little girl, took Doris aside. It was decided that Junior is perhaps too young to start in on his career unguided.

That is Junior that you can hear now, I think.



"Junior was to be left entirely to himself."

Thanksgiving

By Dr. Blank Brane

WHEN Xenophon, at the head of his weary ten thousand, finally beheld the Pacific Ocean, he exclaimed in his native tongue, "Τομπατο Τομπατομαι!"

A free translation would be "Thank Heaven, we're out!"

Cæsar, refusing the imperial crown for the third and last time, replied, "*Natura rerum quæ sit odoribus.*"

Again, "Thank you"—or words to that effect.

The phrase, "*merci du homard,*" was ever on the lips of Marie Antoinette.

So the Pilgrim Fathers didn't start anything after all.

If all these personages were duly grateful to, and appreciative of, a Superior Benignancy, it would be churlish indeed for you to display disregard.

Where do you get off, anyway?

Be thankful for what you have.

If you can't be thankful for what you have, at least be thankful for what you haven't.

"Words are but empty thanks," Colley Cibber said to me after I had given him some slight literary aid. I told this to Mr. John Bartlett, who put it in his book of familiar quotations.

Nevertheless, they are better than nothing. Mr. Cibber did what he could and I let it go at that. The simple expression of his feeling counted for more to me than its intrinsic value.

As a matter of fact, its intrinsic value wasn't worth a red cent.

Don't forget the grace of gratitude. It was gratitude that

freed Æsop's lion from the hunter's nets. It was gratitude that provided Philemon and Baucis with an inexhaustible pitcher of *vin ordinaire*. If you search deeply enough, you will find that it was gratitude that turned the tide for democracy.

"You have nobody but yourself to thank," is a term always used in a derogatory sense. It is rarely intended as a compliment. It indicates a void, a vacuum.

Nature abhors a vacuum.

Be natural. Abhor vacuums yourself. Be thankful for somebody—or something.

If you can't—I have nothing more to say to you.

That's something, isn't it?

The Menace of Health

IT now looks as if healthy people might become fashionable. They tell us that the death rate in New York has never been so low. It is also getting to be increasingly difficult to avoid people who are in good health.

Is there anything more useless than a perfectly healthy person? There is no occasion for him to do anything original or in the slightest degree interesting. He has no ambition, no worry, nothing but the most offensive complacency. All the great things have been done by neurotics, dyspeptics, cataleptics and physical wrecks. If this menace of health continues to grow, we may be forced to produce invalids as a measure of self-protection.



If the Mayflower Had Been Wrecked

"Sorry, Elder, but I can't help you."



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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GEORGE HARVEY has made another speech—a first-class

speech this time with which we can all agree, made at the right time, in the right place and in the right spirit. After a considerable period of incubation he spoke at the farewell dinner of the Pilgrims to the British delegates to Washington. He talked about the conference and talked truly like a man of vision. It is no ordeal of battle, he said, but of faith.

It was not in a perfunctory spirit, but with full consciousness of its vast possibilities that our Christian President besought all people to pause at a given moment on Armistice Day and unite in a simple prayer for the blessings of our Heavenly Father.

And that is true. The great thing that conference has to go on is faith in God, in human destiny and in the ability of the living population of the earth to work together to save civilization from smash. "The real question confronting the conference," said our Ambassador, "is not whether the nations of the earth can be brought into agreement upon all things, but whether they can reach an understanding with respect to anything. It is to be a great test, not of the sincerity of peoples, but of the capacity of existing governments to satisfy the universal longing for peace, prosperity and happiness."

That was straight talk and sound. The more one informs himself about the condition of the nations, the more desperate seems the prospect that the conference will be able to accomplish anything really helpful. There are half a dozen articles on the subject in the November *Atlantic*; pieces by well-informed men about the state of Europe and disarmament; about the present

case of industrialism; about the chaotic state of China and the intricate combination of fears and aspirations that work upon the mind of Japan. Also about England, and there or elsewhere it is easy enough to size up the position and the feelings of France and the extremely tangled state of Middle Europe. The complication of affairs is extraordinary. The solution of such a mix-up fairly baffles hope in so far as hope is based merely on confidence in human brains. It is, as Colonel Harvey says, an ordeal of faith. If one has faith enough to believe in the possibility of the seemingly impossible—to believe that more than human brains are available for the help of a disorganized world, he can look to the conference with hopeful expectations, otherwise how can he?



SO Colonel Harvey took the right attitude about the conference and talked like a grown man and, as stated, like a man of vision, and we are all his debtors. And one very practical and timely thing he said about limitation of armament, pointing out to the British brethren something that is not so well appreciated as it should be even here at home, that the United States had already cut down its program of naval construction more than half when Congress last July reduced the appropriation for it from one hundred and eighty-four millions to ninety millions. A great ship, the *Maryland*, was finished the other day at a cost of forty-two millions, an expenditure which came with something of a shock, but it should be remembered that that ship was planned for during the war when

nobody knew how long the war would last or in what state it would leave the world or how necessary it might be to the United States to have the strongest navy. To plan the ship at that time was all right, and to carry out the program thus adopted was all right, but the *Maryland* is the expression not of the feelings of this day, but of the feelings of the time when her construction was ordered. The program of that day has been held up and it was a useful service of Colonel Harvey's to make that clear.



THERE is an excellent spirit too in the Thanksgiving proclamation that comes out signed by the President and the Secretary of State. It is more than usually necessary this year to point out what our people should be thankful for. Business is not yet good; a great many people are anxious; strikes and labor troubles abound; the cost of what folks have to buy is apt to be high and the cost of what many people have to sell is low. But after all, order is kept in this country. Food is abundant, clothing can be had, and there is no fear of a collapse of government, or of revolution. We are passing through a great change, but doing it on the whole peaceably and with the minimum of disturbance. "Foremost among our blessings," says the proclamation, "is the return of peace and the approach to normal ways again." There is such an approach and we may well be thankful for it, but the President calls the country not less to thankfulness than to duty. "We have been raised up and preserved in national power and consequence as part of a plan whose wisdom we cannot question. Thus believing, we can do no less than hold our nation the willing instrument

of the Providence which has so wonderfully favored us. Opportunity for very great service awaits us, if we shall prove equal to it. Let our prayers be raised for direction in the right paths."

That is the right idea and more of the spirit Colonel Harvey showed when he said that the conference was an ordeal of faith. We have a great place in the world—a place not of our own making but to which we have come by operation of forces far beyond our own control. That place brings a great obligation. What we can do we must do, and happily we have a President whose full intention and desire appears to be to help us do it.



MR. COX, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, has come over here to confer with our wise men on some particulars of the state of the world. He spoke to the reporters when he landed and said that there were too many people now on the earth; that the excess of population was making trouble, and that he was going somewhere to discuss birth control and the possibility of reducing the number of people by means of it.

What is the right opinion on birth control we have not yet been able to discover, but it is doubtful if Mr. Cox's efforts in that direction will do much good—no immediate good certainly. There have long been too many people in some parts of the earth, especially in China and perhaps also in India, and lately probably there were too many in Germany, but in our generation the embarrassment of that redundancy in folks is aggravated by a tremendous factor in modern life, to wit: machinery, which has enormously increased the power and productiveness of men. The great industrial nations produce far more articles of luxury or convenience than they can consume and they are obliged to find buyers for them in order to support the increased population which that production has induced. That leads to an intense competition for markets and raw materials, which is the main cause of modern war. Check industrialism, which is the production of commodities by machinery, and population will fall off of its own accord. That is happening now in Russia. The population is diminishing with a rapidity that should satisfy any reformer.

Industrialism—machinery—is really the world's great problem—the greatest

problem probably that is up to the doctors in conference in Washington. How can an automatic cut-off be adjusted to production—to machinery—so that machines may not destroy the world that they have done so much to make comfortable? The other way would be to increase consumption, and to that end improved distribution, and incidentally high wages and some abatement of middle men, would be useful.



IRELAND has need of an Aesop to talk fables to her people, especially that one about the dog with a bone who saw his reflection in the river.

At least a part of Ireland needs a

fabulist. How large a part one cannot tell. It is possible that De Valera will lose his popular backing by trying for too much and that the solution will come under some one with a mind better adapted to the situation as it is.



It is a fine thing for all concerned to have Tom Watson sent to the Senate. The Senate is an ideal cage for wild men.

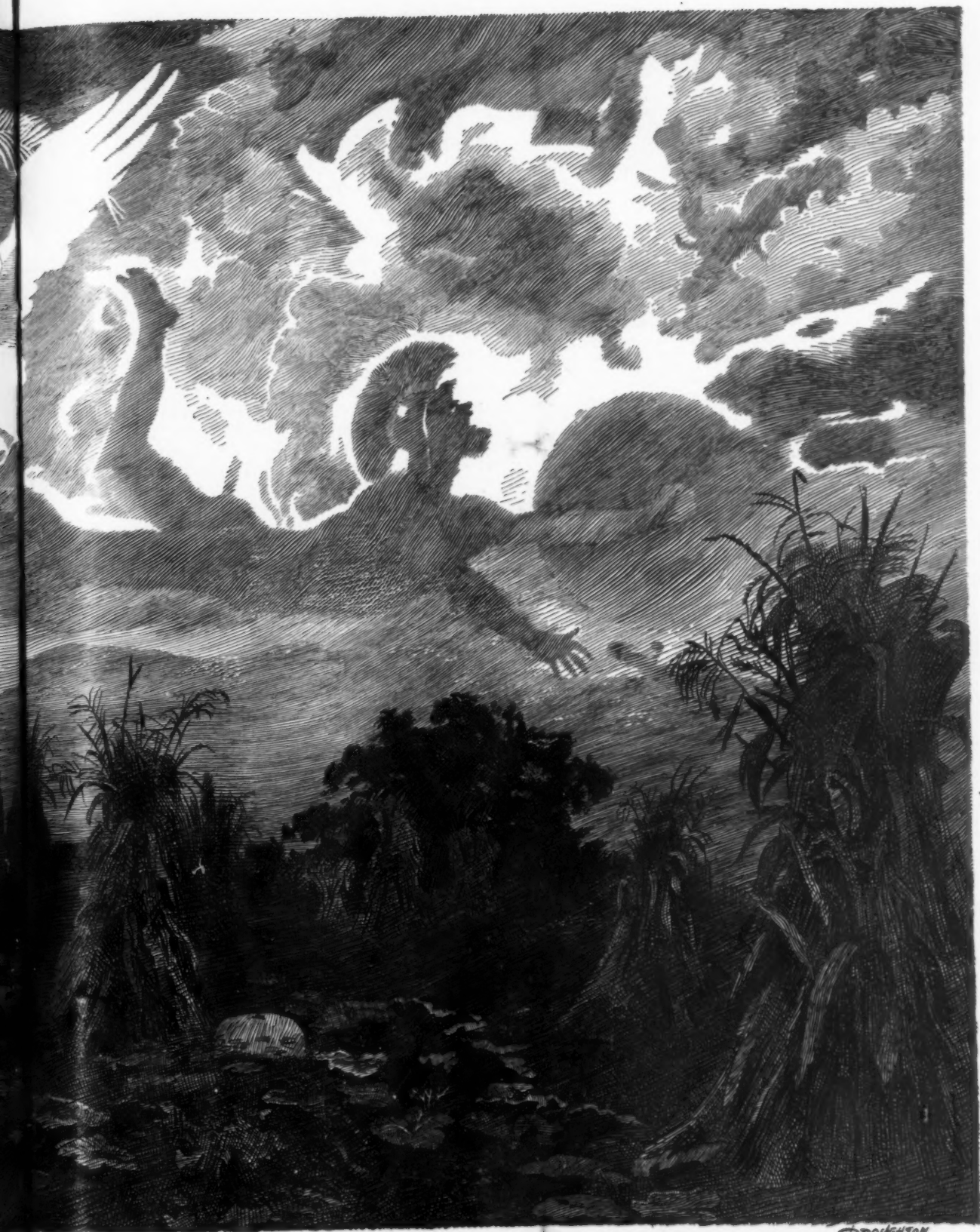
Tom Watson is a very loud and intemperate talker, used to making all sorts of violent statements without being effectively called to account. He cannot do that in the Senate. His stories of unauthorized hanging of American soldiers in France will have to be proven or retracted. *E. S. Martin.*



"—And, and, well—God bless ye, Mister President!"



Drawn by Charles Broughton



C. BROUGHTON



Several Hundred Thousand Words

"THE WANDERING JEW" is pretty dull. It has lots of people, lots of scenery, and gives every indication of having been an expensive thing for Messrs. Belasco and Erlanger to produce, but along about nine o'clock you begin to wonder what the next stage-setting is going to look like. It is the same speculative interest in the scenery of the next act which buoys me up through some operas and most Shakespearean performances.

And the time has passed when a spectacle can knock audiences cold simply by being a spectacle. John Murray Anderson and Mr. Ziegfeld have changed all that. Something more than money has got to be put into scenery in order to make it distinctive to-day. Even money and ordinary good taste will not do it. Perhaps "imagination" is not too strong a word for what is needed. Fifteen years ago "The Wandering Jew" would have struck people blind with its splendor, but to-day they are impressed with it in much the same degree as they are impressed by the Hotel Touraine in Boston.

This is not to say that "The Wandering Jew" is badly done. It is done about as well as it could be. But what's the sense in people going about talking in blank verse anyway? It sounds silly.



WHILE on the subject of people going about talking, it should be noted that the Neighborhood Playhouse has opened its eighth season in Grand Street with Granville Barker's "The Madras House," in which people do practically nothing else but talk. It is real talk, however, and those people who like to do just a dash of thinking now and then while they are listening to a play, ought to hear it. It would be well, however, to stop thinking just before the beginning of the last act. The author did.

The only difference between the acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse and that of its Broadway competitors is that the cast on Grand Street is better than most uptown casts. Whitford Kane, Warburton Gamble, Eugene Powers and most of the rest, help to make the trip down to the East Side seem worth the loss of sleep.



"THE SIX-FIFTY" is another play with a red tablecloth on the kitchen-table in the first act. In the last act the husband meets his dismal wife coming down stairs with her hand-bag all packed ready to leave the farm and go to the city.

In such situations, the odds are easily seventy-five to one that she does not leave home. It has been estimated that, in the assembled dramas of all nations, not more than three out of the thousands and thousands of wives who have been intercepted on the way out with traveling-bags in their hands, have actually gone through with the thing.

They are not always wives. Sometimes they are young girls who have been visiting the family and who find out that they are in love with the master of the house or the footman. Then they decide that it will be best for everyone concerned if they leave at once. So they appear, either from the bed-room at right, or the stair-way at right (it must always be at right), dressed in a plain blue going-away-from-here suit and carrying the conventional hand-bag.

"Where are you going, Doris?"

"Oh, nowhere, er—that is, only out to look at the moon."

"Come here, you silly little goose, and look me in the eye."

And Doris is on hand for breakfast the first thing in the morning.

The first act of "The Six-Fifty" has a genuine ring, especially Lillian Albertson's share in it, and the scene in the diner just before the train is wrecked has, at least, novelty. But with the entrance of the traveling prima-donna someone upsets the words and they are spilled all over the play from then on. The prima-donna is one of those conversationalists who would refer casually to her sister as "a dear, vivid, girl," and is, so far as the records show, the first woman to utter the word "Faugh!" on the American stage.



EVERY once in a while a musical comedy comes along which possesses something that makes first-nighters wag their heads from side to side and say: "A hit!" It is difficult to explain what this something is, for many a well-acted show with good music and an acceptable book has not had it. But "Good Morning, Dearie," started out on the very first night with that transcendental quality which makes the ticket-speculators crowd around the box-office and old-timers predict another "Sally."

The assets of "Good Morning, Dearie" are not wholly intangible. Jerome Kern has written some very nice music and there is more good dancing than has shaken the local boards for a long time. Harland Dixon, Oscar Shaw, Louise Groody and Ada Lewis are some of the headliners, with Maurice and Leonora Hughes throwing in their specialties for good six-eight measure. And the Sunshine Girls are good enough to let the London Palace Girls go back home for good.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Ambush. *Garrick*.—Gray tragedy of a Jersey City clerk, well done.

Anna Christie. *Vanderbilt*.—To be reviewed next week.

The Bat. *Morosco*.—Murder mystery that is a mystery.

A Bill of Divorcement. *Times Square*.—A strong drama dealing with hereditary insanity, excellently acted.

Blood and Sand. *Empire*.—Otis Skinner in a four-act fight with a bull, losing heavily.

The Claw. *Broadhurst*.—A translation from the French which Lionel Barrymore makes into a play worth seeing.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. *Plymouth*.—Quiet domestic tragedy, with Marjorie Rambeau at her best.

The Grand Duke. *Lyceum*. To be reviewed next week.

The Green Goddess. *Booth*.—George Arliss as a slick rajah in old-fashioned melodrama.

The Hero. *Belmont*.—A good presentation of a daring idea.

Liliom. *Fulton*.—Unique among the plays of both this season and last.

The Silver Fox. *Maxine Elliott's*.—A good cast, headed by William Faversham, drawing-room infidelities.

The Straw. *Greenwich Village*.—To be reviewed later.

The Wandering Jew. *Knickerbocker*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Comedy and Things Like That

Beware of Dogs. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge as William Hodge.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. *Ritz*.—Bedroom play, with Ina Claire, not very far from the French.

The Circle. *Selwyn*.—John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in a delightful play for grown-ups.

Dulcy. *Frazee*.—American conversational and business methods satirized in one of the season's most amusing plays.

The First Year. *Little*.—Frank Craven's epic of the unimportant, now in its second year.

Golden Days. *Gaiety*.—To be reviewed next week.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes*.—Lynne Overman makes funny an otherwise very common farce.

Main Street. *National*.—A dramatization of the novel, for those who didn't get around to finishing the book.

The Night Cap. *Bijou*.—Murder comedy.

Oh! Marion. *Playhouse*.—A gentle play of slight significance.

Only 38. *Cort*.—Very sweet.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—Ernest Truex in a highly amusing encounter with an automobile.

The Six-Fifty. *Hudson*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Thank You. *Longacre*.—Propaganda for under-paid preachers, well acted and excellent if you like that sort of thing.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bombo. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson in good form, but not much else.

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—The best music in town, adapted from melodies of Franz Schubert.

Get Together. *Hippodrome*.—More talent, less scenery and less admission price than in former years.

Good Morning, Dearie. *Globe*.—Reviewed in this issue.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*.—Beautiful to look at.

Love - Dreams. *Apollo*.—"A melody play."

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—Expensive and pretty near worth it, what with William Collier, Sam Bernard, Florence Moore, etc.

The O'Brien Girl. *Liberty*.—A nice little show.

Sally. *New Amsterdam*.—Everyone has seen it now anyway.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Negro singers and dancers who enjoy their work tremendously.

Tangerine. *Casino*.—Julia Sanderson and Jack Hazzard in a pleasant musical comedy, with the music better than the comedy.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 13.—Retiring Time at Mr. and Mrs. Fisk's.

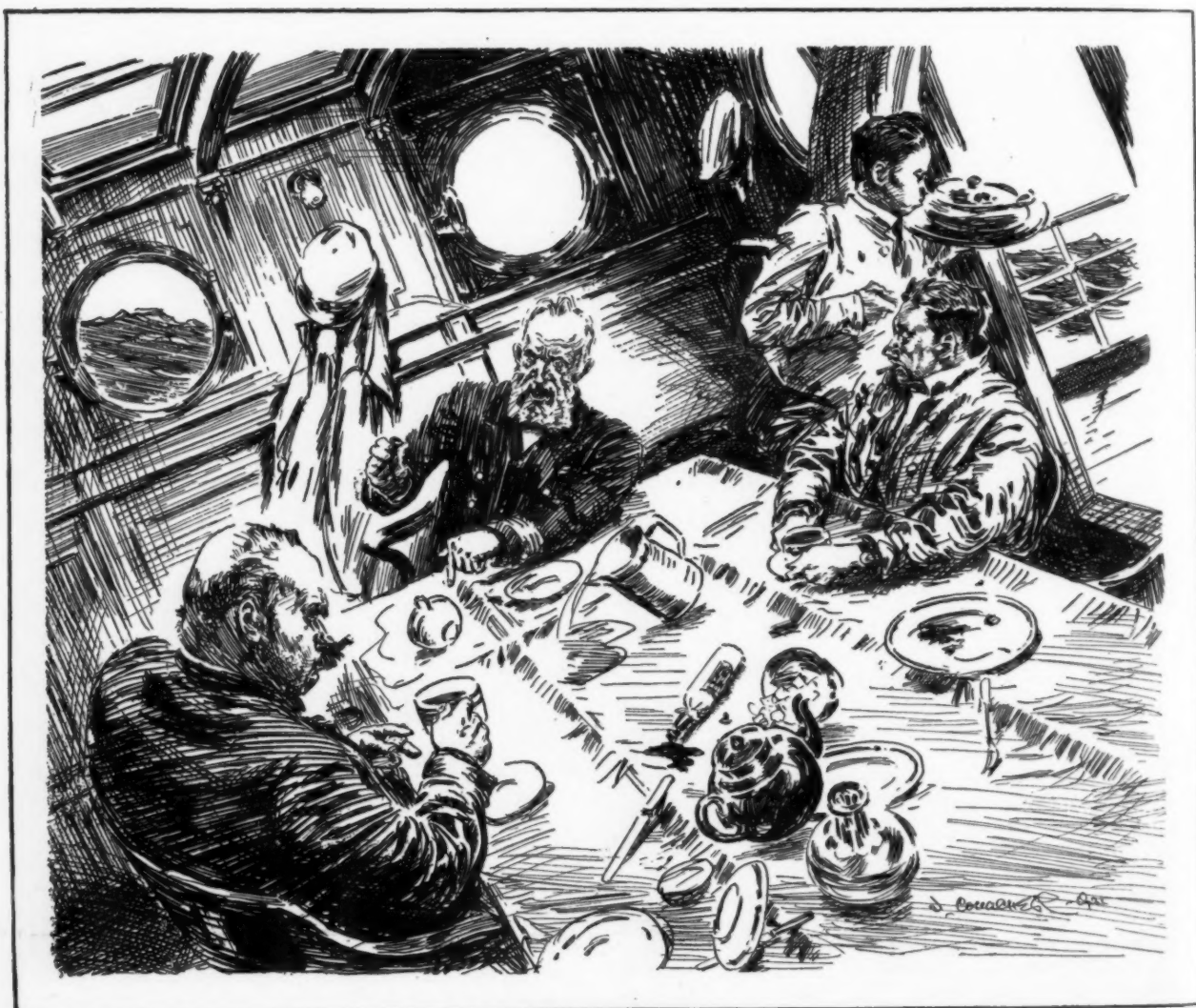
On Meeting an Acquaintance

"WELL—fathaluvvami, Mae!"
 "Wattayou doin' here?"
 "Oh, Idunno; wattayou doin'?"
 "Same thing syou, I betcha. Ha-ha!"
 "Ho-ho!"
 "Say, Mae, howsya sweetie?"
 "Say, lissen, Peg—himmin me sfin-
 ished."
 "Smatter—youanim avvarow—did-
 ja?"
 "You seddit. Heyaint gonna cumma
 myshack an call me no goldigger,
 heyaint."
 "Ooh, gee! Dec callya one? Ohtha
 fresh thing!"
 "Fresh sright. All I askim howde
 lika blowme tapaira satin kicks."
 "Whadee say?"

"Hesez, 'Kid,' hesez, 'yasome gol-
 digger. Chevva thinka takinacure fatha
 gimmies?"
 "Fatha luvvami! Whatju do?"
 "Say, lissen. I gossomad, I tookis
 coatanhat ri toffena rack an hannem
 toum. Heyaint gonna call me no gol-
 digger. . . ."
 "Ooh gee, wuzzee sore?"
 "I'll sayewuz."
 "Ooh Mae, whadee do?"
 "Eejus grabsislid an beatsitoff. Iyaint
 seenim since. Butee yaint gonna call
 me no goldigger. . . ."
 "Gooddriddance—hunh, kid?"
 "Oh, Idunno. Hewuz kina cute. I
 guessafeel kina blue aboutit. Butee
 yaint gonna call me no goldigger. . . ."

"Acourse heyaint. Say, ainat Harry-
 anjoe downa block?"
 "Where? Oh yeah, surets Harryan-
 joe. Yoo-hoo, Harryanjoe! Yoo-hoo!"
 "Say, Peg, les makem blowusa sodan-
 an takeusup onna bus."
 "You seddit. Common, doncha givva
 rap fya sweetie, Mae."
 "Well, heyaint gonna call me no gol-
 digger. Iyaint no goldigger. . . ."
 "Acourse youwaint. Say, dya think
 wecaget Harryanjoe tatakeusa dinner?"
 "Sure! Leaveittamkid."
 "Say, Peg . . ."
 "Wattizit, deerie?"
 "Chu be sorefa guy callja gol-
 digger?"

Henry William Hanemann.



The Captain (discussing Spiritism): Take it from me, Chief, this here table-tippin' stuff's all bunk. It can't be done!

After the Battle

TIME: Immediately after the battle of Waterloo.
SCENE: Napoleon's Palace.

Napoleon enters and hands his hat and coat to an attendant. Josephine, who has been awaiting his return, rushes up to him.

JOSEPHINE: Well, how did you come out?

NAPOLEON (*without looking at her*): We lost.

JOSEPHINE (*stopping short*): What! Why, you told me you couldn't lose.

NAPOLEON (*sitting on lounge and starting to remove his army boots*): I know I did, but accidents will happen.

JOSEPHINE: Oh, this is terrible! I was telling everyone you were unbeatable. Now I'll be embarrassed to death.

NAPOLEON (*taking bedroom slippers from attendant and putting them on*): I always said you talked too much.

JOSEPHINE: Only the other day I was playing bridge with Mrs. Wellington and two other ladies, and I was saying how easily you expected to beat the English at Waterloo. Why, I won't be able to look them in the face after this!

NAPOLEON: You probably won't get the chance. I shouldn't be surprised if you moved out to St. Helena in the near future.

JOSEPHINE: What's the big idea? If you think I'm going to live in the suburbs you've got another guess coming.

NAPOLEON (*going to her and attempting to put his arm around her*): Come, dear; you wouldn't quit me after all these years just because I'm a little down on my luck?

JOSEPHINE (*repulsing his advances*): Oh, I wouldn't! I didn't marry you to live in a bungalow and eat rambler roses.

NAPOLEON: Don't be foolish, dear; you'd have all the comforts of home. We'd have Pierre down to cook for us and you could have your friends down every week-end.

JOSEPHINE: Nothing doing—I'm through. I married the Emperor of France, not a second-hand hermit. Good-by.

NAPOLEON (*watches her leave the room. He hurries across to the window; a moment later there is the sound of an automobile driving away*): At last! At last! (*He buries his face in his hands, overcome with emotion.*) I had to sacrifice France to do it, but at last I'm rid of her. (*He rings bell. Enter man-servant.*) Pack my things immediately. I'm leaving on the next boat for St. Helena.

Gerald D. Heller.

What Is the Use?

Why ask her to choose between Morals and Style?

With prudish contentions why vex her?

Her answer is just a superior smile.

Why ask her to choose between Morals and Style?

Her code is the Fashion Plate all of the while,—

She's a woman. Why would you unsex her?

Why ask her to choose between Morals and Style?

With prudish contentions why vex her?

Stokely S. Fisher.

ALGERNON (*city cousin*): What has that cow got the bell strapped 'round her neck for?

BOBBY: That's to call the calf when dinner's ready.



What Is the Best Title for This Picture?

LIFE'S Title Contest

For the best title to the picture on this page LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize,	\$500.00
Second Prize,	\$300.00
Third Prize,	\$200.00

THE contest will be governed by the following

RULES

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly describes the situation shown in the picture.

The contest is now open, and open to everybody. It will close at noon on December 5, 1921.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or plainly written, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet. Use one side of paper only.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author. Contestants may send in more than one title.

In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of the staff of LIFE are of course barred out of this contest.



The More or Less Beloved Woman

Dorothy Parker

IN *Norma Sheridan*, who has the title rôle in Kathleen Norris's new novel, "The Beloved Woman," you have a heroine who is a heroine. None of your drab *Lulu Betts* or straining *Alice Adamses* for Mrs. Norris. She gives her readers their heaping two-dollars' worth in the way of feminine virtues. On practically every page it is announced that *Norma Sheridan* has beauty, youth, charm, wit, humor, and common sense. She has a style that makes her a vision even in her working-girl's clothes, although Mrs. Norris does concede that she is, perhaps, slightly more of a riot when she gets into Fifth Avenue garments. She doesn't use rouge—why should she, indeed, with her glowing color? She is passionately literary—well, Mrs. Norris says right out that she "loved Christina Rossetti and knew 'The Hound of Heaven' by heart," so you can see for yourself. But, for all that, she is kind to little children, a model housekeeper, and a born cook. In a word, a knock-out.

It is her beauty that is most heavily stressed by her author. *Norma* never just turns her face; she always "turns her lovely face." Nor does she look up, merely; she invariably "looks under her curling lashes." Where less-endowed girls might simply adjust their hair, and let it go at that, it is carefully specified that *Norma* arranges "a great wave of silky dark hair across her white forehead." It is almost as if you might lose sight of her pulchritude if it were not constantly drawn to your attention. And then where would you and Mrs. Norris be?

The author is not so meticulous about giving instances of *Norma's* conversational powers. There are innumerable references to her "quick wit," to the fact that she is "all sparkle and fun," and that "when *Norma* chatted naturally, the day was won." But though you keep looking hopefully for some example of her famous repartee, you will just have to take Mrs. Norris's word for it. And you are quite safe in taking it, for Mrs. Norris's words are paid for at a higher rate than



Atlas Up-to-Date
(As posed by Mr. H. G. Wells)
Author of "The Outline of History"
and other works of Fiction

HE is an Englishman
And he himself has said it.
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman—
For he'd rather be a Roosian,
A French, a Turk and a Proosian,
A Swiss and Ital-ian,
But despite his aspirations
To belong to Foreign Nations—
He rema—a—a—a—
Ains an Englishman.

those of almost any other woman writer.

There is aristocratic blood in those blue veins that show so temptingly beneath *Norma's* white skin, too. That is where the plot comes in. It develops that our simple little *Norma* belongs to one of the proudest families in all New York, though she never happened to be acknowledged. She is the offspring of an impulsive marriage contracted by one of the *Melrose* family. Oh, I really couldn't tell you which member it is. That is where the dénouement (excuse my French) lies, and how would I feel if I were to spoil your surprise for you?

Anyway, old Mrs. *Melrose* does the comparatively handsome thing, and *Norma* is taken to live with the *Melrose* family and given a glimpse of the goings-on in society. There is grave danger that *Norma's* lovely little head, with its great waves of rich dark hair, is going to be turned by her new mode of life, and for a couple of hundred pages you are right on the edge of your seat in your anxiety over the outcome of her falling in love with a married man. One of these aristocrats, he is. You know it for sure, because he gives emphasis to his remarks by saying "on my honor as a gentleman."

But you need have no fear. Just remember that the book is by Kathleen Norris, so everything is going to turn out for the best, and there will never be a word that could possibly give pain to any of her readers and make the sales fall off. *Norma's* love for the married man is not the real thing, any more than the novel itself is. She gives him up, guards the secret of her parentage, and renounces the vast fortune that is rightfully hers (one wonders, along in here, if it would not be rather a good idea for *Norma* to have her beautiful little head, with its profusion of soft dark hair, examined by a competent alienist). As the book ends, she is setting out for California with the sterling young dumbbell whom she has made her husband. With those looks and that sparkle of hers, she will doubtless get all kinds of movie offers out there.

If it were only earlier in the season, so that the allusion would be topical, one could use the old one, and say that "The Beloved Woman" is just the kind of book to read in a hammock. And a perfectly splendid book to leave in a hammock.



Drawn by A. B. Frost

The Pirate's Hoard

THE SILENT DRAMA



Conflict

PRISCILLA DEAN'S new picture, "Conflict," lacks the sure-fire quality of her previous efforts, such as "Outside the Law" and "Reputation," but for all that it is a better picture than any of them.

It is a story of strife in the big woods. Two rival lumbermen are engaged in a mortal struggle for supremacy—being continually at loggerheads, so to speak—and they battle with each other by fair means and foul. The heroine (Miss Dean) is the niece of one of the rivals, and the sweetheart of the other, and is consequently caught between the two factions.

This involved state of affairs comes to a climax, logically enough, in a magnificent log-jam scene, and ends when the logs break up and start hurtling down the rapids toward the inevitable waterfalls. One of these logs, of course, bears the palpitating form of Priscilla Dean, and for a time even the most cynical spectator wonders whether it is possible for her to be saved, as Lillian Gish was saved, at the very brink of destruction.

"Conflict" is full of thrills, but they are poorly connected, and it is often difficult for one to follow the thread of the story.

However, what is a little story among friends?

Two Minutes to Go

CHARLES RAY was effective as a bush-league ball player, and as a semi-pro prize fighter, but as a college football hero he is a complete dud. In "Two Minutes to Go," he scores a touchdown through a team of extras who know that they would be out of their jobs if they made more than a half-hearted attempt to tackle him.

"Two Minutes to Go" is just about the low-water mark in Charles Ray's screen career.

The Ace of Hearts

IN "The Ace of Hearts" we find our old friend, the Mystic Council, which used to appear in so many serials in the days when Pearl White was starting to

collect a reputation. The Mystic Council is usually composed of sinister people who meet in secret, and who condemn their enemies to violent deaths.

This time, they are not quite so sinister as usual. They are fanatics who believe that the best way to purify the world is to destroy all those persons who are not contributing to the world's betterment. Having located its victims, and having decided upon good means of bumping them off, the Mystic Council then assembles and draws cards to determine who shall attend to the final formalities in connection with the assassination. The one who draws the ace of hearts also draws the lucky assignment, and it is up to him to see that the sentence of the Council is carried out.

THIS is the basis of the idea on which the story of "The Ace of Hearts" is constructed, and Gouverneur Morris has worked it out skilfully. He has built up a thoroughly ingenious melodrama, with a quality of unexpectedness that holds up until the end.

It is well acted, but the dramatic power of the story is vastly weakened by a series of banal, insipid subtitles. If Gouverneur Morris wrote them (and I can't believe that he did) he ought to be spanked. To cite one instance, when the Council meets to decide which one of its number is to kill its newest victim, the cards are dealt, and the young hero of the piece draws the ace of hearts. It is a supreme moment for him—a moment that is fraught with great dramatic tension. Everybody, the audience included, is on edge. And all that he can think of to say in the subtitle is, "This is the happiest moment of my life."

As I remember it, these are the very words used by Joseph L. Gonnick the night the Twenty-Year Service Men of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company tendered him a surprise testimonial banquet.

Judge Not, Etc.

ATORONTO Judge (name unknown to your correspondent) recently sentenced three thieves to be

given twenty lashes each, and jail terms as well.

When he pronounced this sentence, according to the *New York World*, he said: "That will take the halo of the movie bandit from off you, and the heroism of the Douglas Fairbanks type."

It is a fallacy among Judges that, because they have gained a good working knowledge of the law, they have gained a good working knowledge of all that life can offer. Judges are invariably the most opinionated people on earth, and, outside their own province, their opinions are usually wrong.

Certainly, the Toronto jurist makes a sorry show of himself as a movie critic. He is typical of the people who, because they never go to the movies, are most vociferous in condemning them. He has undoubtedly seen a lithograph portrait of Douglas Fairbanks with a revolver in his hand, and therefore blandly assumes that Douglas Fairbanks is one of those movie bad men that one reads about as holding up banks, shooting fat old millionaires, and kidnapping blonde cuties.

It has been my good fortune to see every picture that Douglas Fairbanks has appeared in—in the last few years, at least—and never once have I seen him do anything that could be construed as a bad example to the youth of North America. His part is always that of a splendid, honorable cavalier—a friend and champion of the downtrodden and the weak. He is the successor, in the hearts of our young, of such stalwart heroes as Frank Merriwell and Nick Carter, who were so exemplary in character that they could never have existed outside the realms of fiction.

Possibly the object of these remarks is the best Judge in Toronto. He has undoubtedly had a long and distinguished public career. He is probably a credit to the Canadian bar. But, if he can prove to me that Douglas Fairbanks has been guilty of one mean or dishonest action on the screen, I shall purchase a season pass to Toronto's finest picture palace, and present it to the Judge, gratis!

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31)



In seven-league boots you may never travel. But you may go your proud way over *unnumbered* miles in supreme elegance, comfort and economy, if your journeys are made in Phoenix hosiery. It is the long mileage that Phoenix furnishes to men, women and children that has made it the best selling line of hosiery that the world has ever seen. Not in any unique or special features does its high merit lie, but always in the sturdy beauty of its material and the splendid character of its workmanship. It is probably not a long mile to the good shop where you may buy this "long-mileage hosiery."

PHOENIX
HOSIERY



Age Cannot Wither

At a Boston Immigration Station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name: Abraham Cherosky.

Born: Yes.

Business: Rotten.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The joke in the preceding is the word "recently."—*New York Tribune.*

Sidetracked

TRAVELER: It's a nuisance—these trains are always late.

RESOURCEFUL CONDUCTOR: But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting rooms if they were on time?

—*Numero (Turin).*

One Up

In a New Zealand egg-laying contest an Indian runner duck is stated to have laid three hundred and sixty-six eggs in three hundred and sixty-five days. The odd egg is supposed to have been a sighting shot.

—*Punch.*

"I'm very sick to-day."

"How much is the matter with you?"

—*Kasper (Stockholm).*



A GOOD MATCH

"Is she making a rich marriage?"

"I should hope to tell you; he is a butcher who has been arrested three times for profiteering."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

The Connoisseur of Ties

The street hawker was selling neckties by the public library while his cappers watched for the sign of a bluecoat. He had to work fast. "This here scarf," he shouted, "makes a gent look dressable and you'd pay three bucks for it at any mawd-eest's. I brung these over from Paris myself. The king of Paris wore one exactly like this at the grand ball given at the Buss de Balcony." A capper stepped up and bought one. "Ah!" said the hawker, "Mr. Pierpont Morgan takes this one."

—*O. O. McIntyre, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

These Times

At the Spiritualistic Séance:

"I want you to call up the spirit of George Washington, madame."

"I have him."

"Right; now ask him where that dollar landed that he threw across the Potomac River!"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Unblemished Loveliness

BEAUTY SPECIALIST: For the autumn, moddam, eyebrows will be worn high, cheeks sunburnt, while Cupid-bow lips will give way to the passionate.

—*Town Topics (London).*

THE price of coal wouldn't seem so unreasonable if there was a law against selling it.—*Akron (O.) Beacon-Journal.*

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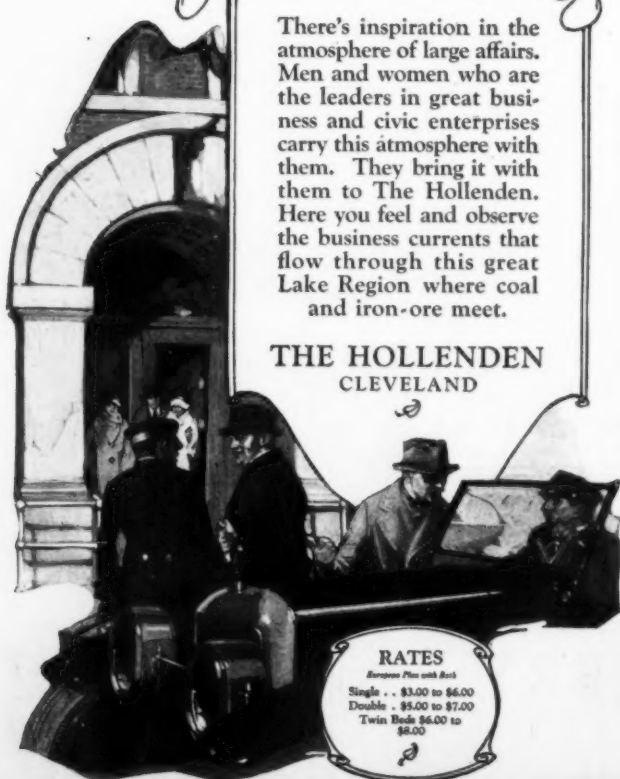
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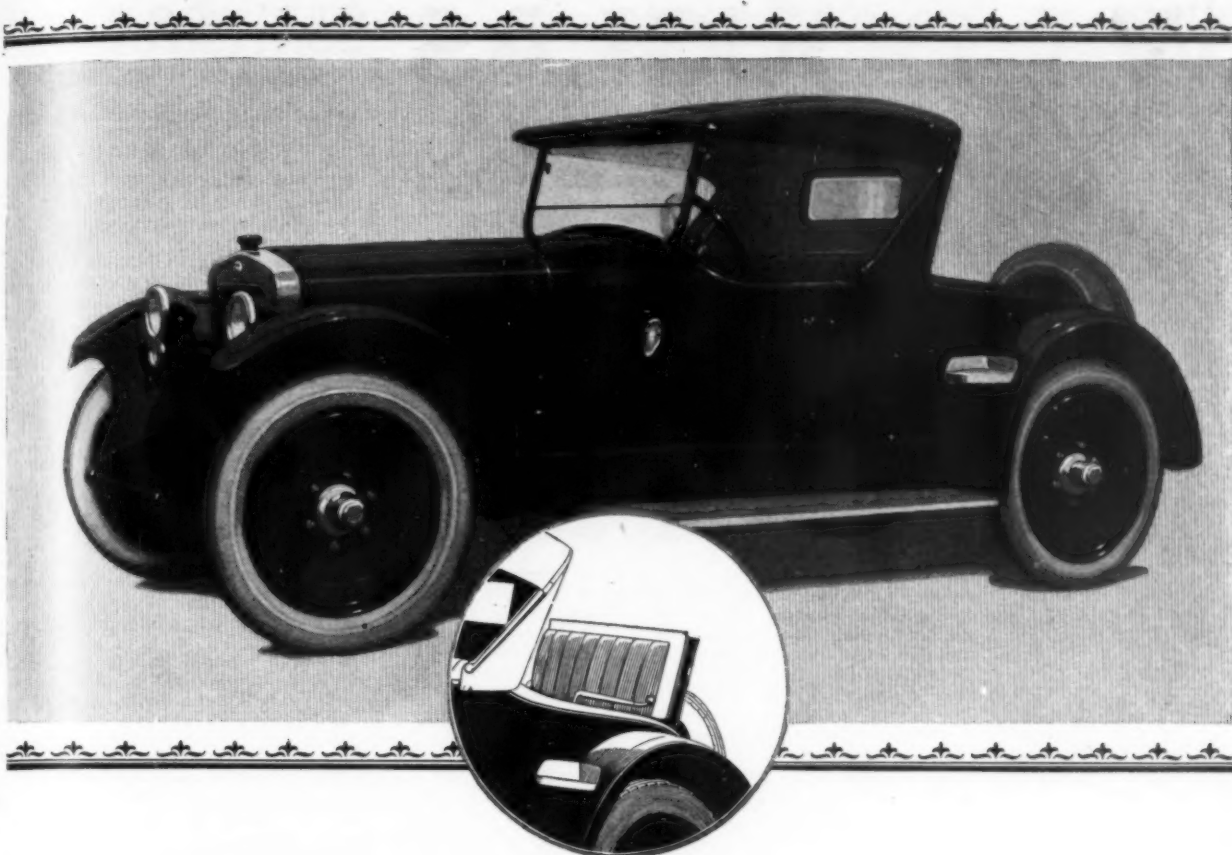
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



School for Manners

The wife of the vicar of a fashionable London suburb tells the story of a new parlormaid who was a great success. One day, however, she went out wearing clothes very much "above her station," and got into a motor-car which was waiting near the vicarage gate.

When she returned a few hours later, the vicar's wife, more in sorrow than anger, suggested that domestic servants who dressed fashionably and drove off in motor-cars were hardly suitable for the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

Then the girl confessed. "Oh," she said, "don't be alarmed. The man with the motor-car is my father. He made a lot of money during the war, and now we live in a large house. But we didn't know quite how things were done by well-bred people, and so I took this job to find out."

—Tit-Bits (London).

The Road-Mender

An old, old road-mender sat on the shafts of his wheelbarrow, proudly surveying the few yards of the country lane he had swept and garnished in his day's work. The sun shone, the robin that shares his crusts of bread sang to him blithely, but there was still another good reason why his weather-beaten, rugged old face wore a look of good content. "I be a-going to be married, sir," was the amazing confession he made to us, as we passed the time of day. "And I be happy to say, sir," he added, "that I be a-going to be married with the full consent of all the childer, on both sides."

—London Morning Post.

A Matter of Percentage

MR. ISAACSTEIN (to school teacher): How vas dat leetle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic?

SCHOOL TEACHER: He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein. He is in percentage now.

MR. ISAACSTEIN: Vas dot so? Vell, don't you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundred per cent. He vas too young yet to study very hard.

—Spare Moments.

The Intrusion

The professor was deeply absorbed in some scientific subject when the nurse announced the arrival of a boy.

"What—who—?" stammered the professor absently. "Why interrupt me—isn't my wife at home?"

—Karikaturen (Christiania).

Sententiously

ARTHUR: Most people are not what they used to be.

JOHN: How's that?

ARTHUR: Children.

—Nebraska Awgwan.

Worth a D. S. C.

YOUNG ADJUTANT (flourishing a telegram): What do you know about nerve? Here's a guy wiring to ask for an extension of his AWOL!

—American Legion Weekly.

FIRST ITALIAN: Oh, looka data bird on da rubber plant!

SECOND DITTO: Sure; he gutta percha.

—Harvard Lampoon.

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Jeremiad on Dancing

EVERY night when I hitch the elastic

Which fastens my vest to my pants,
I agree with the viewpoint monastic:
It's a silly amusement to dance,
To handle a gun or a lance—
There's a man's job; but dancing—aw,
thunder!

(Or la! la! as they say in France)
Why do I like it, I wonder?

Aside from the somewhat fantastic
Idea some persons advance,
That the fox-trot and waltz are gymnastic,
It's a silly amusement to dance,

One trips over young débutantes—
(The evening's one vast social blunder),
Or stumbles around with one's aunts;
Why do I like it, I wonder?

Am I mistakenly drastic?

Am I as one who but rants,
Knowing nothing? Or am I just plastic?

It's a silly amusement to dance,
That's sure . . . (Hark! The waltz
from "Penzance")!
Or is it "Get Out and Get Under"?
Anyway, it's a strange dissonance—
Why do I like it, I wonder?)

L'ENVOI

Say, kid! Come on—take a chance!
(It's a silly amusement to dance,
But I can't have her think that I
shunned her.)
Why do I like it? I wonder!

P. C. Calhoun.

She Will Not Marry Him

RECENT news from Boston includes the intelligence that Bouck White has moved to those parts and still retains his voice after his experiences at Goshen. He says he is looking for a perfect wife. When found, he aspires to marry her, and will want her "to raise her food and cook it, to make her own clothes, to get back into the simple primitive days."

No doubt there are girls in Boston who can do all that and much more. No doubt the makings of perfect wives abounds there at least as much as elsewhere and possibly more. But why should any such girl marry Bouck? We have all read about him periodically for at least ten years. He has been tried as a husband several times already and returned each time to the bargain counter. His gift is not for matrimony, but purely for publicity. His great talent is for getting into the newspapers, and for that he is remarkable.

HOWARD: Schuyler sees no fault in his wife.

JAY: Blessed be the tie that blinds.



Democracy

"—of the people, by the people, for the people"

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass.

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

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WITH IT

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THE
GUMS

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If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base — poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea — or check its progress — if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy — the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Perfectly Simple

RUB: What do you think causes the high cost of living?

DUB: Having to pay so much for things.

Labor and Capital Two Stories

CAPITAL and labor are in constant discussion and frequently in collision, as we all know, and we know there would not be so much discussion and such frequent collision if things were right at the bottom. Of course, they are not right at the bottom.

Herman Money penny told this story: "About fifteen years ago I had to have a butler's pantry built on my house. The brick work of it was to cost \$1,500. It was done in the summer when I was living in the house, and I watched the work. Two men came to lay the bricks, one a Scandinavian, the other an Irishman. They both appeared promptly, and took their coats off at 8 o'clock. Then the Scandinavian proceeded to lay bricks and laid them for two hours. Then he put his coat on and went away. The Irishman read the newspaper, smoked his pipe and laid a brick occasionally, and stayed on the job all day. I watched that going on for three days, then I asked the Scandinavian why he went away so early. He said: 'My union does not allow me to lay more than 150 bricks—that's a day's work. I can do it easily in two hours, then I go off and work on another job as a carpenter. I can do in a half-day all that the carpenters' union will allow to be done in one day by one man. They do not know I am laying brick or I would be fired from the union.' That is one side."

Then Herman told another story about a man who built a factory that cost \$20,000 and manufactured a specialty that he understood and made \$35,000 a year. His banker was impressed with his profits and said, "You must finance your business." The man said, "I am satisfied. I am doing well; why finance it?" Presently the banker bought the business from him for half a million dollars, and with that for a basis sold a million dollars of securities which stood for \$20,000 of invested money and \$980,000 of expectations. After a while the management got bad and the business went to smash, and there was doubtless a cry raised as usual for government protection of American industry and especially of American labor.

Those stories illustrate both sides—the tendency of capital is to exploit the public, including labor, and the disposition of labor is to get back by doing the least possible amount of work for the money that it exacts. Of course, that is all rotten. Material prosperity of mankind depends upon production.

The limitation of efficiency by trade union rules rots character and debases manhood. So does the exploitation of labor and the public generally by greedy and dishonest financiering, of which

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there are innumerable examples and difficult and embarrassing consequences that complicate the current economic situation.

E. S. M.

THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

Theodora. *Goldwyn.*—Spectacular depiction of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. The film was made in Italy, and is gorgeous to look upon, but hard to follow.

Holy Smoke. *Mermaid.*—If you share our affection for slap-stick humor in its most violent form, you will find a great deal to laugh at in this rough-house comedy.

Under the Lash. *Paramount.*—Gloria Swanson in a dreary drama of life in the Transvaal.

Woman's Place. *First National.*—A delightful satirical comedy, written by John Emerson and Anita Loos, and played by Constance Talmadge.

Three-Word Brand. *Paramount.*—Bill Hart in a triple rôle.

The Idle Class. *First National.*—Not Charlie Chaplin's best, but better than anybody else's best.

The Case of Becky. *Realart.*—Constance Binney plays on both sides in a dual personality contest. The chief loser is the audience.

Dangerous Curve Ahead. *Goldwyn.*—Rupert Hughes's "Advice to Young Mothers."

Robinson Crusoe, Ltd. *Mermaid.*—Lloyd Hamilton in a two-reel comedy that is occasionally distasteful and not particularly funny.

Shame. *Fox.*—A young San Francisco millionaire experiences the thrill that comes once in a lifetime when he is told that he is half Chinese.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. *United Artists.*—Mary Pickford is beside herself with joy as Cedric Errol and his mother Dear-est.

Doubling for Romeo. *Goldwyn.*—The whimsical Will Rogers in an original and diverting burlesque comedy that kids everybody in the movies.

Way Down East. *United Artists.*—An old-fashioned melodrama done on a vast scale by D. W. Griffith and the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

One Arabian Night. *First National.*—The story of Sumurun, Scheherazade, Nour Ed Din, and all the rest of the old gas-house gang in Bagdad. A superlatively effective picture, with Pola Negri as star.

Saving Sister Susie. *Christie.*—A two-reel comedy that possesses more plot and more entertainment value than most feature films.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. *Fox.*—A spectacular screen version of Mark Twain's famous satire, with some prohibition wheezes and Ford cars written in.

Ollendorf Sketchograph. *Educational.*—Animated cartoons that are entertaining, instructive and well drawn.

The Three Musketeers. *United Artists.*—It is impossible to think up any praise that is adequate to describe this Douglas Fairbanks version of the Dumas novel. After all, why attempt to sprinkle *Fleur Houbigant* talcum powder on the lily?

The Affairs of Anatol. *Paramount.*—A very costly production.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"Enchantment," "White Oak," and "The Iron Trail."

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PORTRAITS OF LEADING ACTRESSES

By Charles Dana Gibson, will appear in a new series of full pages beginning with next week's *LIFE*. The first portrait is of Miss Lynn Fontanne, who has made such a success in "Dulcy" (written by two of *LIFE*'s contributors, Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman). Verses by Dorothy Parker.

Look for next week's *LIFE*.

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and 42nd St., New York, Nov. 16th to 29th.

Justice Is Justice!

EMERSON WALDO (aged five): We
have a new baby at our house, but I
hope we shall be able to get rid of it.
HOWARD: For Heaven's sake!
EMERSON WALDO: Yes; it cannot
read or write, and I shall have it de-
ported as an illiterate emigrant.

Books Received

And Even Now, by Max Beerbohm (Dutton).
Tangled Trails, by William MacLeod Raine
(Houghton Mifflin).
A Magnificent Farce, by A. Edward Newton
(Atlantic Monthly Press).
Alias, the Lone Wolf, by Louis Joseph Vance
(Doubleday, Page).
My Maiden Effort, collected by the Authors'
League of America (Doubleday, Page).
Washington Close-ups, by Edward G. Lowry
(Houghton Mifflin).
Youngsters, by Burges Johnson (Dutton).
An Argosy of Fables, by Frederic Taber
Cooper (Stokes).
The Beginning of Wisdom, by Stephen Vin-
cent Benét (Holt).
First Down, Kentucky! by Ralph D. Paine
(Houghton Mifflin).
This Man's World, by Will Levington Comfort
(Doubleday, Page).
Ashes of Evidence, by Eric Levison (Bobbs-
Merrill).
The Lark, by Dana Burnet (Little, Brown).
The Wednesday Wife, by Juliette Gordon Smith
(Macmillan).
The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener, by Reginald
Viscount Esher (Dutton).
Remarkable Rogues, by Charles Kingston (John
Lane).
Success, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Houghton
Mifflin).
A Painter in Palestine, by Donald Maxwell
(John Lane).
Authorodoxy, by Alan Handsacre (John Lane).
Vera, by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Page).
The Lost Horizon, by G. Colby Borley (Dodd,
Mead).
The Blood of the Conquerors, by Harvey Fer-
gusson (Knopf).
Margaret's Mead, by Jane Harding (Double-
day, Page).
Hearts and the Diamond, by Gerald Beaumont
(Dodd, Mead).
Mayfair and Montmartre, by Ralph Nevill
(Dutton).
The Land of Haunted Castles, by Robert J.
Casey (Century).
Married? by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Double-
day, Page).
Where the Young Child Was, by Marie Con-
way Oemler (Century).
The Isolation Play, by William H. Blymyer
(Cornhill Co., Boston).
The Mind of the Buyer, by Harry Dexter Kit-
son, Ph.D. (Macmillan).
The Island, by Bertha Runkle (Century).
The Gift of Paul Clermont, by Warrington
Dawson (Doubleday, Page).
Working North from Patagonia, by Harry A.
Frank (Century).
King of Kearsarge, by Arthur O. Friel (Penn
Publishing Co.).
The Crystal Heart, by Phyllis Bottorpe (Cen-
tury).

The Waiter and the Alligator

BENEATH the waves and mud
Of the Mississippi flood,
Hides the alligator;
Behind the potted plants
Of Parisian restaurants,
Lurks the waiter.

With his elongated teeth
He will eat you like roast beef,
Will the alligator;
With his sickening little grin
He will scoop your money in,
Will the waiter.

If I had to choose between
The crocodile and Paris Green,
And the waiter;
I'd take the poison "off the bat"
And—after that—
The alligator.

G. W. A.

Why Bother About Intelli- gence?

THE discussion now going on as to
whether intelligence tests are of any
value threatens to assume alarming
proportions. Elaborate machinery has
been invented, in which the senses of a
human being are measured with regard
to their receptivity, activity, etc. Of
course, these tests are valuable, in so
far as they dissect the various capaci-
ties of intelligence. But is not intelli-
gence overrated?

Intelligent people, especially when
they are too much so, cannot always be
trusted. They have got the world into
a lot of trouble in the past, and will
no doubt do it in the future unless they
are watched. Nobody complained that
the Germans were not intelligent, but
they came near ruining the world. In-
telligence may be very good, when it is
of the right sort and rightly applied.
It may be very bad, when it is the
wrong kind. There has always been
enough intelligence to go round. What
is needed in any people is more char-
acter, more of the thing that says "No"
when "No" ought to be said, and "Yes"
when "Yes" ought to be said.

Statistics

It is estimated by the Bureau of Ani-
mal Industry that 309,807 movie ac-
tresses could relieve the shortage in do-
mestic dishwashers by fifty per cent., if
they were properly cast.

* * *

Twelve hundred thousand persons in
New York City during the last six
months gave letters of introduction
recommending bores they wished to get
rid of but did not know very well.

* * *

The months of the year, laid end to
end, reach from the holiday bills of
January first to the holiday bills of the
next New Year.